



## FINE CLOTHING

FOR MEN, YOUTHS AND BOYS!

## THE MISFIT STORE,

CORNER 10th AND F STREETS.

Cannot be surpassed in variety of style, reliability of material, thoroughness and workmanship, perfection of fit, or elegance of finish, while prices are 25 to 40 per cent lower than those of any house in the city.

## OVERCOATS FOR MEN AT

\$5, worth \$8; \$6, worth \$10; \$7, worth \$13; \$8, worth \$15; \$10, worth \$18; \$12, worth \$20; \$15, worth \$25; \$20, worth \$35.

## Boy's Overcoats at

\$2.50, worth \$4.50; \$3.75, worth \$6; \$5, worth \$8; \$6, worth \$10; \$8, worth \$15; \$10, worth \$18; \$12, worth \$20.

## MEN'S AND YOUTHS' SUITS AT

\$5, worth \$13; \$10, worth \$15; \$12, worth \$20; \$15, worth \$25; \$20, worth \$35. Full Dress Black Suits at \$25, worth \$45.

## BOYS' &amp; CHILDREN'S SUITS AT

\$2.75, worth \$4; \$3.50, worth \$6; \$4, worth \$7.50; \$5, worth \$9; \$6, worth \$10; \$7.50, worth \$12; \$9, worth \$15; \$10, worth \$18.

## PANTS! PANTS!!

A splendid assortment from \$2 up.

## GOSSAMERS,

Best make, from \$2 up. These goods are equal and superior to any goods shown here. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded at

The Misfit Store, Cor. 10th &amp; F Sts.

Make no mistake and come to the corner of 10th and F Sts., N. W.

JUST RECEIVED.

## OUR NEW WINTER STOCK.

Fresh and desirable styles in Silks, Satins, Velvets, Plushes, Brocade Silks, Cashmeres, Dress Goods and Shawls. Great bargains from the Large Auction Sales in New York and Baltimore. Black Cashmere at 55 cents, fully worth \$1. A line of Blankets which are slightly imperfect, at \$1, \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3 per pair. Full line of perfect goods at moderate prices. Lace Curtains, Brocade and Crimson Plush. Corsets—Domestic, 50 and 75 cents; Foreign, \$1 and \$1.50. Hosiery and Underwear. Gents' White Shirts, the best in the market, 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1. 3-Button Kid Gloves, \$1 per pair. Every pair warranted. 5-hook Lacing Kid Gloves, \$1.25 per pair. 6-button Mousquetaire Kid, \$1.50 per pair. Flannels, Clothing Cloth, Silk Henrietta, &c. Grand opening of our New Shawl and Cloak Department. Great bargains. L. BEHREND'S BALTIMORE STORE, 938 Seventh Street, N. W.

## JOHN F. ELLIS &amp; CO.

ESTABLISHED 1852,

937 Pennsylvania Avenue, Near Tenth Street.

PIANOS AND ORGANS

For Sale at Reasonable Prices, on Easy Terms

Tuning, Repairing and Moving promptly attended to. Cornets, Violins, Flutes, Guitars, and everything in the music line for

CASH OR ON INSTALMENTS.

JOHN F. ELLIS &amp; CO.,

937 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

THE ORIGINAL

## LONDON MISFIT STORE,

912 F STREET, OPPOSITE MASONIC TEMPLE

RESULT OF EXCESS.

Overproduction and backwardness of trade in many sections have terminated in misfortune to manufacturers in general, who, to secure ready cash, have been compelled to part with their accumulated stocks at great concession of prices as the following offering of

## ALL WOOL CASSIMERE SUITS

Will best illustrate. 500 Cassimere Suits purchased this week from one of the leading manufacturers, and which we offer at from \$3.50 to \$5.00 under the regular price per garment. Overcoats in 50 different styles, including Melton \$5.50, former price \$9; Fine Cassimere \$7, former price \$15; elegant Blue Cashmere Beavers \$11.25, former price \$19; Magnificent satin-lined Chinchillas at \$14.50, former price \$30. Boys' and Children's Clothing at 50 per cent. below the regular price. Pants from \$1 up. Gossamer coats from \$1.50 up.

## ORIGINAL LONDON MISFIT STORE,

912 F Street, Opposite Masonic Temple, SIX DOORS FROM NINTH STREET.

ABOVE ALL COMPETITORS

THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME

STRONG SIMPLE SWIFT SILENT

SEWING MACHINE

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR HAS MORE IMPROVEMENTS THAN ALL OTHER SEWING MACHINES COMBINED

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. 30 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO, ILL. ORANGE, MASS. AND ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE BY

## EUCORUS.

## LEAF YEAR VICTIM.

One-third the girl with soul so dead,  
Who ever to herself has said  
"I'll never wed!"  
Whose changing heart both oft-times turned  
From love to flirting that both burned  
In her weak head!  
If such there breathe, now shed a tear  
For her. No "marriage bells" you'll hear  
With ringing cheer.  
In rapine o'er her change of life  
To blessedness in being a wife  
This fond leop-ard!

A duel is the quickest kind of an encounter, because it only takes two seconds.

"This theory that cold contracts everything but water, which it expands," said one friend to another, "is nonsense. You ought to see my coal bill."

A Chicago firm is introducing wooden slippers into this country. The small boy is all in a sweat for fear his mother will take it into her head to buy a pair.

"Is your wife acquainted with the dead languages?" asked the professor of a Newmann man, "Maybe she is," was the reply, "but the language she uses is entirely too warm to have been dead very long."

The ladies should always have considerable paid them on account of their sex, and it is no more than proper that leap year should have one extra day, to give the girls all the time they need to propose in.

A lover, young and enthusiastic, who sang and played for nearly two hours before the house of his lady-love the other evening, was electrified—that is, shocked—after a short pause by a cordial "Thank you," gracefully pronounced by the "other fellow," who appeared at the drawing-room window.

"I can't live without her," he said to a friendly adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her." He pulled out a pistol, saying, "I am going to her with this and say, 'Here, shoot me down; I cannot live without you.'" "You had better not," said the friend; "she might pull the trigger." "I don't care for that," replied the heart-broken lover—"I don't care for that; I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."

A member of a manufacturing firm, that employs 500 men, told a committee of the United States senate that the knowledge he possessed he got by reading the newspapers, and not from books, and that by reading the papers he kept himself informed on the literature and current events of the day. Thousands of other prominent business men would make the same acknowledgment if questioned on the subject. The tendency of all literature is toward expansion, so the most industrious reader of books can scarcely in a lifetime become well informed. Newspapers, on the contrary, condense nearly everything into a few words as possible. Were a student to attempt to give the political, social, religious and literary history of the world for a day he might do it in far more elegant style than the newspapers, but his history would occupy the reader's time for at least a week. The news paper is the true American univer-

## CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Oriental shawls were brought into Paris after the return of Bonaparte from Europe in 1801.

The last true believer in alchemy was one Peter Boulle, who died about sixty years ago in London.

A French nobleman recently proved, by actual experiment, that a horse may be made to curvet for two hours without moving forward half a mile.

The king of Siam's meals are prepared by a woman, the sister of his physician, sealed up and sent to his "taster," and then sent to him. It is needless to say that hot food is not considered a necessity of life in Siam.

Cameron, Mo., claims to have the smallest boy in the United States. His name is Aubrey Park, son of S. W. Park. He is six years old, and weighs only sixteen pounds; is strong and healthy, and active as a squirrel. In the last two years he has gained but one pound. He is a remarkably bright little fellow, and one of the greatest curiosities in the country.

Among the features of the cookery exhibition at Vienna was the so-called Polish "lunch," which consisted of twenty-eight courses. One of the novel dishes which were offered fresh every day was a bear steak. Visitors also had an opportunity to test the flavor of lion's flesh, upon the preparation of which one of the best cooks in the city had expended the resources of his art.

On New Year's day in Japan there is great emulation among the merchants of sound or dit to make the first sale of goods. According to law, all Japanese merchants are required to settle their accounts and pay their debts by the 31st of December, and are not allowed to buy or sell goods until they have done so. If goods are sold on the 1st of January, the merchandise is piled promiscuously on trays drawn by coolies. The merchant receives the congratulations of his friends, and together they follow the goods to their destination.

The name "Uncle Sam," as applied to the United States, was derived from Samuel Wilson of Troy, N. Y., who was familiarly called by his employees "Uncle Sam." In the early history of the government, a man named Elbert Anderson bought in Troy a large quantity of beef, and it was inspected by Mr. Wilson. The boxes were directed "E. A.,—U. S." The man who did the marking being asked what U. S. stood for, said, "Uncle Sam," and in this way it became the popular name by which this country is designated.

There is an odd superstition connected with the crossbill, in Thuringia, which makes the woodcutters very careful of the nests. The bird in captivity is subject to many diseases, such as weak eyes, swelled and ulcerated feet, etc., arising probably from the heat and accumulated vapors of the stove-heated rooms where they are kept. The Thuringian mountaineer believes that these wretched birds can take upon themselves any diseases to which he is subject, and always keeps some near him. He is satisfied that a bird whose upper mandible bends to the right has the power of transferring colds and rheumatism from man to itself; and if the mandible turn to the left that it can confer the same service on woman.

## Wounds of Generals in Action.

A curious article might be written on the immunity from wounds in action of some generals, and the ill fortune of others in becoming the bullet for a bullet. No commander was ever more forward in the fighting line than Sheridan, yet he never got a scratch. Skobeleff, who many a time went at it with his own good sword, and in his white coat and on his white charger headed every charge with a recklessness that men called madness, had as complete an immunity as if he carried the charmed life that his soldiers ascribed, and was wounded only in the quiet trenches by a chance bullet fired into the air a mile away. Wellington was but once hit, the bullet that carried away his boot heel scarce gave him a contusion. Grant was never struck; no more was Napoleon. Of Sir Neville Chamberlain again, one of the most distinguished officers of our Indian army, the saying goes that he never went into action without receiving a wound, and the gallant old man has been fighting pretty steadily ever since the first Afghan war. Bazaine was a man to whom Fortune was not stingy in the matter of wounds. At Borny there came to him the leaden reminder that he was mortal, though this time it was but a gentle hint. The fragment of a shell hit him on the left shoulder, but it had been well spent, and because of the protection of the epaulette gave him but a contusion, from which he had pain for several days, especially when on horseback.

## A LADY-LIKE COW.

Why a Good Man Hankered for the Blood of Nick Parish.

Nothing more than a good, kind-hearted and gentle milch cow rounds off and tempers down the many difficulties standing in the way of family contentment. When Parson Jilkinson moved into our neighborhood, his first question was, "Who's got a gentle cow for sale?" Old Nick Parish, one of the best-known and most upright men in the community, had a gentle cow. If a man wanted a fiery, unsubdued horse, Nick had him; and if he wanted a horse so quiet in demeanor that he refrained from lashing the flies, Nick had him. In fact, Nick had anything that anybody wanted to buy, and one thing peculiar about his ability to furnish the great market of wants was that every animal he sold was exactly what he represented it to be.

"Is she a good milker?" asked Parson Jilkinson when he had gone to Nick's lot and begun an inspection of the cow.

"Best in the land, and the one fine pint about her is that she'll give enough milk for any family. Whenever she changes hands she sizes up the new family, and if she ain't broad enough to accommodate all concerned, why she changes her gauge. But she is not prodigal. I bought her from a hotel man. She had been giving enough milk for all the guests, but when she saw that I only had a small family, she changed her metre and came down to our measure."

"I never before heard of such a cow," said the parson.

"Nobody else, and if my wife didn't try to impose on her I wouldn't sell her for anything. You see my wife is a very ambitious woman and wants this one cow to furnish enough milk for the operation of an entire dairy farm. I will not allow even my wife to monkey with the affections of this animal. Just look at her. Did you ever see anything more lady-like? There she stands, the very picture of courtesy, willing to inundate the entire community with milk."

"What is the least you'll take for her?" the parson asked.

"Well, I'll tell you. If it wain't for the pints I've presented, I wouldn't sell her for no price, but as it is, you may have her for a hundred dollars." The money was paid without hesitation, and in triumph the parson drove the cow home. "Greatest cow in the world," he said to his wife, as he turned the animal into the back yard. "The man had sentimental reasons for selling her or we would never have been her fortunate possessors."

The next day was Sunday. The parson had an appointment to preach at the neighboring church, but when the time for services arrived, the parson was seen crossing the common, carrying an army gun. As he approached Parish's house, Parish was seen to leap the fence, and start off in an impractical and commercial-like manner toward the woods. The parson discovered him, threw up his gun and fired, and so much powder had his indignation demanded in the execution of his sanguinary design, that the bullet, long after the excitement had subsided was heard whizzing around the neighborhood.

"What on earth is the matter, parson?" asked a dozen voices, as the minister approached the church and proceeded to load his gun.

"Bought a cow from that scoundrel. Told me she was gentle. Wife got up this morning to milk her. I thought I heard mutterings and other sounds expressive of dissatisfaction, and stepping to the door, I saw my wife going over the ash hopper. My wife is a woman of unusual agility, yet I saw no reason why she should sail around through the air on a Sunday morning, so I stepped out and told her to hold up, when I saw my lady-like-cow, raking up ridges and acting as though she were displeased. I spoke to her and she darted at me. I tried to avoid her, but failed. I went over the ash hopper pretty much as my wife had done. This was not the end of the performance. The cow could not get around behind the ash hopper, but she made it sensational for us by reminders that she was still in circulation. The dog came over and fell among us. Then a wash-board, a brass kettle, the cat and the hired boy came over. I never saw anything like it. Every time I looked up, something would strike me. After awhile she began to throw dirt and chips over until I thought we would all be buried. I yelled for help, and old Mrs. Pigglesworth, kind old soul who lives near, came to see what was the matter, good-hearted old creature. The heathen who sold me the cow said that she would size us all up with an idea to furnish the requisite amount of milk and probably that's what she was doing, but I am not used to such estimates

being made on my family. Finally she, the courteous animal, jumped over the fence and left, and I am out on an important errand. No, I can't preach for you to-day," putting a cap on the gun, as he caught sight of Parish peeping from behind a distant tree. "I wish you all well and hope the Lord will take care of you, but at present I am compelled to discharge a duty which I owe to my wife, myself, my neighbors and society," and he cocked the army gun and slipped away like a deer hunter.—Arkansas Traveler.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The Duke of Argyll considers that the fact that some Scotch hills have gravel and no earth on their summits shows that Scotland during the deluge was 2,000 feet under water. Darwin considered the same fact to be due to earth worms.

Liquid obtained by condensing the vapors from a bread oven contained 1-6 per cent. by volume of alcohol, 0.06 per cent. by weight of acetic acid, and a small quantity of ferric acetate and of ammonia. Alcohol is, therefore, according to Moussette, one of the products of the fermentation of the bread.

Investigations of German scientists have shown that the electric light is not only healthier than other methods of illumination in leaving the air purer, but it increases the power of vision in some respects, especially in distinguishing colors. Red, blue, green and yellow are much more distant under this light than by daylight.

Dr. Moffat, at a lecture in Glasgow, maintained that the presence of peroxide of hydrogen in the air and dew of Italy had some connection with the beautiful of the Italian vocal tone. A series of illustrations by persons from the audience, who inhaled a chemical compound made to represent Italian air, are said to have been very satisfactory—a full, clear, rich, mellow tone being produced by one application.

Fame and fortune await the discoverer of an efficient method of so consuming coal that none of its constituent and combustible particles can escape into the atmosphere of large cities with the two-fold result of preventing pecuniary loss and sanitary degradation of the air. It is estimated by competent experts that London alone loses every winter \$25,000,000 through imperfectly burned coal, not to speak of the damage done to buildings and the injury done to the public health through the breathing of a polluted atmosphere.

## Singular Coincidences.

"Do you see that man over there?" said a prominent business man, as he pointed out a small, nervous-looking man, who had just entered the Stock Exchange. "Well, that man has experienced the most remarkable series of singular coincidences. It rivals the thirteen-at-dinner story and the proverbial unlucky Friday, with the exception, however, that his especially lucky and unlucky day happens to be on Monday."

"Introduce me to him, and perhaps he will relate it to me," suggested the reporter.

"He wouldn't say a word about it for publication, and in fact he is decidedly averse to speaking of it at all. The recital of it seems to fill him with gloomy forebodings—a feeling he cannot shake off. One lucky Monday, just thirty-five years ago, he came into this world and on another lucky Monday fifteen years afterward he married the girl of his choice, who was born on a Monday seventeen summers previously. Two bright boys were the result of this happy union, and each of them was born on Monday. So far the coincidence bore a lucky aspect, and the singularity of the events was often the topic of conversation among the members of the family. Then events took a different turn.

One Monday night the father returned home to find his wife suffering from an attack of fever, from which she died on the following Monday. The two promising boys are also dead, and both passed away on Monday. The husband and father left alone, is rapidly going down the decline of life, and not a Monday goes over his head but he broods over the strange fatality and of his own end, which he feels sure is fated to fall on Monday."

## A "Cat" Scarecrow.

Charles Lauppe, Urbana, Ohio, keeps the birds from his grapes with a scarecrow "cat." This animal is made of Canton flannel, of the color of a Maltese cat, stuffed with curled hair. Hair is better than wool or cotton as it soon dries out after a rain. A "cat" of this kind will effectually protect the grapes from the birds for twenty feet on all sides. Mr. Lauppe sets his "cats" upon the grape trellises, where they may be secure and in full sight of birds wishing to plunder.

## A Humble Confession.

Who is that little woman there  
With laughing eyes and dark-brown hair,  
And physiognomy so fair?  
My wife.

Who's not as meek as she appears,  
And doesn't believe one-half she hears,  
And toward me entertains no fears,  
My consort.

Who wakes me up on every morning,  
About the time the day is dawning,  
My protestations calmly answering?  
My toady wooty.

Who marks my clothes with India ink,  
And darts my stockings quick as wink,  
While I sit by and smoke and think  
My companion for life.

Who asks me every day for money,  
With countenance demure and many,  
And calls me "pretty boy" and "honey"!  
My little woman.

Who runs this house both night and day,  
And over all exacts her sway;  
Who's boss of this shanty, anyway?  
My better half.

## HUMOROUS.

To foot a bill—To v-toe it.

The golden age—Sweet sixteen.

Crazy quilts originated in Bed-lam.

"On the fence"—Boards, of course.

It is the collector who is first to find a man out.

In Rome every boarding house is a palace, and it may be added that about every palace is a boarding house.

The man who married a girl because she "struck his fancy," says she strikes him anywhere it comes handy now.

A book publisher announces "In press—A Pretty Girl." She is often in that predicament—and the work will be continued next week.

Did it ever occur to you, how ashamed a pug dog must be of himself, when seen in company with a woman who is fool enough to lug him about.

What's the difference between a man who tears down a picket fence and one who dresses a spring chicken? One pulls the picket and the other picks the pullet.

"Mamma, where's papa gone to?" to town, to earn more bread and butter for you, darling." "Oh, mamma, I wish he would sometimes earn buns!" sighed the child.

"No," said a fond mother, speaking proudly of her twenty-five-year old daughter, "Mary isn't old enough to marry yet. She cries whenever anyone scolds her, and until she becomes hardened enough to talk back vigorously, she isn't fit for a wife."

"You gave my wife the wrong medicine," exclaimed a man, entering a drug store. "I hope no harm has resulted," replied the druggist tremulously. "Oh, no, she's all right." "How do you know it was the wrong medicine?" "Why, because it helped her immediately."

## The Safest Part of a Car.

Four men half hidden in the smoke cloud of a smoking box of a sleeping car on the Hudson River railroad, spent an hour discussing which part of a car was the safest to ride in. They finally agreed to leave it to the conductor.

"Middle of middle car, right hand side," said that personage when asked. The rapidity with which he spoke and the mechanical manner in which he made the reply, led one of them to halt him as he was passing on and ask him to explain himself.

"Well," said he, "everybody asks me that question, and I am so used to answering it that I've got it down to the fewest words possible. I shouldn't wonder if you were to ask me that when I'm asleep if I would answer it without waking up. The middle car of the train is the safest, because it is the furthest removed from a collision either in front or behind. Even if an engine plunged into an open draw-bridge, it might not take more than a car or two with it. Couplings would be likely to break, you know. Always sit in the middle of a car, because when cars telescope they are not apt to telescope many feet. As you can't tell which end will telescope, and as both may, take to the middle. Whatever car you go in sit on the right hand side of the car, which is to say, the side farthest from the other track, because it sometimes happens that freight projects too far beyond a flat car and rips the windows out of passing trains."

"Do railroad men observe all these precautions when they ride?" "They take no precautions at all. Those that I have mentioned are sensible, but you can't always sit where you like, and there are plenty of people unlucky enough to be killed wherever they sit. Railroad men never consider the possibility of accidents. They could not be railroad men if they did."